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Hymn Stories.

(Hezekiah Butterworth, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'ROCK OF AGES.'

This hymn was written by Augustus Toplady, a gifted and accomplished man, after his conversion, which was influenced by the sermon of a lay preacher in Ireland, whom he heard in a barn.

'How strange it is,' he said, 'that I who have listened to the best English pulpits should be brought to the light of the truth by a wandering preacher, who could scarcely read his Bible!'

This was a favorite hymn of the Prince Consort. When dying, the Prince quoted it.

'I have wealth, power and fame,' he said in that testing hour, 'but, if these were all that I had had, what would I have now?' He added,

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.'

It was the favorite hymn of Gladstone. He once kept his Christian temper, when being assailed in the House of Commons, by translating it into other languages.

'Sing, sing,' he said to one of his family, in a paroxysm of pain in his last sickness.

'What shall we sing?' was asked.

'Rock of Ages,' was the answer.

The hymn voiced his life and the ground of his hope,—

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.'

A BALLAD THAT REACHED THE HEART.

'There's a land that is fairer than day,' sang an evangelist to a crowd of street children in Salem Street, Boston. His face then brightened—

'And by faith we can see it afar.'

The words were beautiful, but the trust went to the heart.

The street was full of people who had come to the place on immigrant ships. Many were Jews; some were Poles; some were Italians and Portuguese.

The chorus rang out,

'In the sweet by and by.'

The words were almost childish, but they pictured the inward longing. They raised a vision of a better life. The street children took it up; the little Jews, the Portuguese, the Italians, the old withered men and women.

They all wished to share the hope of a better life, the young in their pinched homes, who found little in life but their playground on the doorsteps, and the old after their voyage.

The song went on. The doorsteps seemed singing, and the street evangelist began to preach. There was silence. The wanderers who had gathered from many lands were eager to listen to what he had to say about the 'land that was fairer than day.'

The ballad called 'The Sweet By and By' had a curious origin. The writer of the words, S. F. Bennett, died not long ago; and no one can measure the influence of this simple refrain of hope.

WATCHING THE FLOCK.

In our rapidly changing Western life it is hard for us to realize that in the East manners and customs and ways of working go on unchanged from century to century, so that the land of Palestine to-day is practically the same as when Christ lived. Still the shepherds lead out their sheep to the scanty pasture and watch to protect them from wild beasts, still the grinding of the wheat and the services of the households are the same. This young Arabian girl watching her flock of goats on the hill side brings to our thought the shepherds on Christmas night. We wish the Christmas light shone into her heart as it does into ours, for we of the West have caught its beams, while the people of Christ's own land have lost it.—'Good Cheer.'

A writer on a newspaper after his death thus relates the story of the music of the song:

'The music of the song was written by J. P. Webster, of Elkhorn, Wis. He was a lovable young fellow, it is said, but could not get on in this world, for he had absolutely no business ability, and his health was far from good—in fact, he was a victim of consumption. Music was everything to him, and he composed many songs, some of which, like the now almost forgotten "Lorena," "Paul Vane," and "Little Maud," had become quite popular. Two or three times a year he was accustomed to go to Chicago with a roll of manuscript songs which he offered to the publishers at twenty-five dollars each. His most intimate friend along in the sixties was Dr. Bennett, then lately graduated from Ann Arbor, and trying to build up a practice. One day he went into the doctor's office in a very despondent state of mind.

'"What's the matter now?" asked the physician.

'"It's no matter," Webster replied, "it will be all right by and by."

'The phrase struck Bennett, who had a fancy for writing verses, and he said, "Why not make a song of the sweet by and by?"

'"You write the words, and I'll make the music," was Webster's answer. The doctor turned to his desk and began to scribble, and in less than a half-hour had accomplished his task. Webster had his violin, and after reading the lines drew his bow, and without the least hesitation played the tune that has since been sung the world over. Two friends happened in; and, when the composer had jotted down the air and supplied the other three parts, the four men sang for the first time "The Sweet By and By."

'Not long afterward Webster took a number of songs to Chicago. Root and Cady bought all of them but one, and that was "The Sweet By and By," which they said they didn't think worth publishing. Then he went to Lyon and Healy's, where Pratt, who had known him for several years, introduced him to the junior member of the firm. Mr. Healy, after hearing the new song played on the piano, offered twenty dollars for it, which Webster immediately accepted. "Poor fellow," said Healy, after he had gone, "I didn't have the heart to send him away without taking it." This was in 1867. A small edition of the song was printed in the cheapest form and placed on the retail counter; but nobody wanted it, and after a time, not a dozen copies having been sold, the whole lot was consigned to an obscure corner in the wholesale department, where it remained uncalled for for a year or more.'

The rejected manuscript contained something which answered the hunger of the soul. It was published in a western Sunday-school book, and there came a demand for the book containing the song.

Then it went over the world, and turned into almost universal experience. It was translated into other languages, sung on ships, and in evangelistic work everywhere. The poorest soul has a saving remnant, and loves to hope. So it trembled on the lips of outcasts who wished they could reform.

It does one good to sing of heaven, home at

the end, the 'by and by.' It helps one in the stress and struggle.

'THE SHINING SHORE.'

There is another song that has a like origin, in that it sprung out of humble life, and interprets the heart. It is 'The Shining Shore.'

Dr. George Frederick Root, the author of 'Shouting the Battle-Cry of Freedom,' and of many army songs and home ballads, was sitting, in his younger days, at his desk on the old home farm at Reading, Mass., composing and compiling a music-book.

His mother, a saintly woman, entered the room softly, and placed over his shoulder before his eye a paper, in the poets' corner of which was a ballad full of spiritual figures.

'I wish, George,' said she, 'that you would some time write music for those words.'

She slipped away, leaving the composer the paper.

He dropped his eyes on the ballad. The words read strangely; there seemed to be some mystery in them,—

'My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly
Those hours of toil and danger;
For, O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.'

What followed was as tender, beautiful, and unexpected,—

"We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.'

The tune came to him immediately, after the manner in which inspirations suddenly come to tone-poets. He wrote down the music, put it aside, and some time afterward published it. The ballad went over the world. For many years there was scarcely a social religious meeting in certain parts of America, England, or Scotland at which 'The Shining Shore' was not sung.

The singers did not fully comprehend it, but they found in it something that met the needs of their souls. It entered into the inner consciousness.

Some years after it was published an aged man entered Dr. Root's office, and said: 'You have set to music some words of mine which people love to sing. You call it "The Shining Shore."'

Dr. Root started.

'I have hoped to meet the author of these words since I first saw them. How came you to write it? What does it mean? What is your name?'

'My name is Nelson. I am a clergyman. I was driven from my home by a mob in the times of the Kansas-Missouri troubles, and I hid in the river weeds of the Mississippi. I was a free-State man.

'It was near night, and I hoped that I could hail some boatman who would take me across the river.

'While I was hiding in the river weeds, the sunset passed, and the shadows of evening fell.

'Across the river was a city, a free city, and I saw a light shine out there in the street along the shore. Then another light, and another, as the lamplighter did his work. Then the stores and the houses shone down on the waters. It seemed as if the city were lighted for me. The shore shone. I gazed on that shining shore, and I longed to be there.

'While thus longing and waiting, the substance of the verses came to me. I found a boatman, and was taken across the river to the shining shore; and there on the following day I wrote down my thoughts in the river weeds in the verses you have set to music.'

I was told the story by Dr. Root himself, after the manner in which I have given it, though not in the same words. I recently visited the old house at Reading where the song was written. The farm was very beautiful with its willows, gardens and orchards, but had passed out of the hands of the musical family, and was occupied by Canadians.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Victorian India Orphan Society.

Owing to the Secretary of this Society having been abroad for the summer, no notices of this work have appeared in our columns for some time. Steady, progressive work has been carried on, and the missionaries and the friends have great cause for deep thankfulness to our loving Father for the many special mercies he has granted. The following glimpses of life at the Orphanage are jotted down from the reports which are sent by the missionary to the society every month. They give us some idea of the busy lives of the dear children and of how devotedly they are cared for and trained.

'One very sad case was admitted some few months ago. The father, mother and all the children of a family had died from the terrible famine, except one boy and a little sister, Nabbi; but she had suffered so much that all the lower part of her body was paralyzed, so that she could only drag herself about on her hands and stomach. However, in some way she managed to cook and do for her brother and herself whilst he worked for their living. At last his work, driving an ox-cart between Dhar and Mhow, kept him a great deal away from his sister; and, as she was left so much alone and so helpless, he brought her to the Orphanage. Here our kind Dr. O'Hara did all she could to make the poor child better, and now one of her legs is getting a little strength in it. She is learning to use some crutches, so we hope she will soon be able to walk about. We are so glad she is now amongst happy children and others who will be kind to her and is learning about Jesus. She is also being taught to read and write, so we hope she will grow up to be a happy, useful woman.

'April 28—The children have had a gala day, the occasion being Mrs. Russell's birthday (the missionary's wife). The native Christian workers and their wives all came to the missionary bungalow (house), where tea was provided and Mr. and Mrs. Russell were the guests of honor. They gave Mrs. Russell little birthday gifts, and afterwards followed singing, prayer and speeches; then we went outside, and the married boys and girls, who had come for the occasion, crowned Mrs. Russell, the younger girls and boys putting garlands of flowers about her neck, arms and hair, after which they played games and sang some more hymns, finishing the happy day with "God Save the King."

'May 18—Several girls have had the mumps, but they are better now, and all so happy with the new matron, who is the sister of one of our best native preachers.

'June 29—We are all very busy, having had an epidemic of measles. Forty children were ill, and it took the best and largest of the girls to help with the sick ones, so that we were very shorthanded for the cooking and work of the orphanage, but I am thankful that so far all have recovered, and those who are still in quarantine are doing well. The orphanage ground has been thoroughly cultivated and sown with corn. The children are preparing for the "All India Sunday-School Examinations."

Aug. 18.—All are well again, with the exception of a few who have bad colds.

Sept. 20.—Three weeks ago we were rather afraid of plague, as about fourteen cases have occurred in the district, and two were put into premises adjoining the orphanage ground. It only took us a very few hours to get fifty-two of the youngest children away from the danger, whilst the older girls helped to white-wash the inside of the hospital and orphanage and thoroughly disinfect them. The very day the little ones went away the rains came on, the tents were blown down, and the children drenched to the skin, bedding and all getting soaked; but they got into ox-carts and every available place, and sang until the morning. They were so glad to see the rain, as we were threatened with famine again; food had risen a third in price, but the rain coming on has lowered it a little. Our field of corn turned out very well indeed; the children have been eating it green, and now they are cutting and husking the remainder. We hope to have the fields sown again with a winter crop. The children and all our people have been holding special prayer meetings asking that God would send rain and protect from plague; their faith has been greatly strengthened by the rains coming on, and they believe that God will save them from the plague. My furlough will be due in six months; I do not know how I am to leave the children—they seem to have become a very part of my life, indeed, all the work is very much to me, to say nothing of the friends here who are dearer than I can tell.

'Oct. 6.—We have had one mild case of smallpox, little Putley, so all have been vaccinated again. Between inoculation against plague and re-vaccination, the children have had a bad time.

Several of the girls are asking to join the church.'

Many readers of the 'Northern Messenger' may not have seen previous articles about this work among the famine orphans, commenced in 1897 at Dhar, Central India; for their information we will state that the annual membership of the society, which is undenominational, is $1.00, and subscribers can have the privilege of supporting and training one of these desolate little ones for the Master for $17.00 a year.

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.'

Further information can be obtained from the Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside Street, Winnipeg, to whom all contributions should be sent.

Varying Fates.

In a respectable boarding house in New York a number of years ago, were fifteen young men. Six of them uniformly appeared at the breakfast table on Sunday morning prepared as to their apparel for attendance on public worship. They also actually attended both forenoon and afternoon. All became highly respected and useful citizens. The other nine were ordinarily absent from the breakfast table on Sunday morning. At noon they appeared at the dinner table, dressed in a decent manner. In the afternoon they went out, but not ordinarily to church, nor were they usually seen in a place of worship. One of them is now living, in a reputable employment; the other eight became openly vicious. All of them failed in business, and are now dead. Several of them came to an untimely and awfully tragic end.

BOYS AND GIRLS

What Time is it?

What time is it?
Time to do well,
Time to live better,
Give up that grudge,
Answer that letter,
Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow,
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

Time to try hard
In the new situation,
Time to build upon
A solid foundation;
Giving up needless changing and drifting,
Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?
Time to be in earnest,
Laying up treasures;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasures,
Loving stern justice of truth being fond,
Making your word just as good as your bond.

Time to be happy,
Doing your best;
Time to be trustful,
Leaving the rest;
Knowing in whatever country or clime
Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.
—'Liverpool Mail.'

Hope—and no Hope.

(The Rev. John T. Faris, in 'Wellspring.')

In February, 1823, a company of travellers were an their way from Hoboken, New Jersey, to Albany, New York. They were packed in a sleigh whose driver soon lost his wits through visits to the bar-rooms by the roadside. The weather changed, and rain began to fall in torrents. The open sleigh afforded slight protection to its occupants. Two of these attracted the attention of a fellow-passenger, who afterwards wrote of them.

One was a young girl of seventeen, who was returning from school to her home. A slight little thing, and one who shrank from every discomfort. The other was a young man, a New York law student. He monopolized the conversation; 'spoke long and loud about the priestcraft and witchcraft; said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses, and the Bible of Mahomet was better than the Acts of the Apostles. He said the stories about hell were only invented to scare the ignorant, and that death, at the worst, was only a leap in the dark, which no one should fear.'

A few minutes after this speech of the braggart, the drunken driver declared that the rain had ruined the sleighing, and he proposed to take to the river. The passengers remonstrated, but their pleas were unavailing. When near Newburgh, the drunken man took to the ice, which was covered with water to a depth of two feet. The wind was blowing a gale, 'and the waves rolled as if no ice were under.' The passengers all trembled. At any moment they might run into an airhole. To make matters worse, the rain changed to snow. The driver could no longer see even the heads of his horses. The banks were steep, and it was useless to attempt a landing for a mile or more. Hardened travellers blanched with fear.

The young man who had just spoken the boastful words attracted the attention of his companions. 'Ten minutes before he looked stout enough and fierce enough to have made the passage of Lodi, on the right hand of the great Bonaparte; but now he sat in dismay, and trembled in every limb. He was like one without hope.'

The young girl, on the contrary, was quiet. When she realized her danger, 'she took from her basket a little red book, in which she read about a minute. As she replaced the book in the basket, she turned her face toward the heavens; she closed her eyes, and her lips moved. As she opened her eyes, the hue of fear, which for a moment had blanched her rosy cheeks, passed away like the shadow of a showery cloud on the side of a green hill on an April morning. During the remainder of the perilous ride, she sat composed, but spoke not.'

After the danger had been safely passed, the passenger who later told the tale asked the young woman what there was in her little book which had helped her so. She answered that she had merely read the text for the day in her copy of Daily Food: 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so Jehovah is round about his people.' In order to draw her out, her interlocutor remarked: 'Miss, there be many who say this book is all delusion.' The answer is worthy of note: 'They may call it what they please—but I intend to make it my companion through all my journeys in life.'

In telling the incident, the traveller said: 'I thought I saw before me hope and no hope: hope in the person of this young woman who could not so much as set her foot upon the ground for very delicacy, yet she did neither scream nor wring her hand, but was strong in her faith; and no hope, in the person of the young man, who from strength of body and vigor of mind might have passed for one of the very lord of the earth—but he sat unstrung and feeble as a child.'

That contrast is as old as the world. Men and women have passed their lives in idle gratification of self, laughing at the faith of those who believe in God, only to shrink in terror at the approach of death. But how many there are whose feet are firmly planted on the promises of God, and they cannot be moved when danger threatens. Theirs is the faith which sings:

'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose;
I will not—I will not—desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.'

It was Browning who tells, in Instans Tyrannus, of a ruler who, for some unexplained reason, hated one of his subjects and attempted his undoing. He punished him, but did not succeed in making him cringe. He sought to break his heart by pursuing his relatives, but was balked in this. Finally he determined that he would not be defeated in his purpose, even if the cost of success were half his kingdom. In his own words:

'So I soberly laid my last plan
To extinguish the man.
Round his creep-hole, with never a break,
Ran my fires for his sake;
Overhead did my thunder combine
With my underground mine:
Till I looked from my labor content
To enjoy the event.

'When sudden—how think ye the end?
* * * * * * * *
Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
—So, I was afraid.'

'Am I My Brother's Keeper?'

(Helen H. Blake, in the 'New York Observer.')

The sun was just dropping behind a huge bank of clouds in the west. It was late in the fall, and in the region of country northwest of us, which an Arctic climate hold benumbed for four or five months of the year, every sunny day that comes at that season is one more reprieve from the dreaded winter. Ranch life in winter in any of our northwestern states involves hardships that few people who have not experienced them ever dreamed of. Those who have had such trial can sympathize to a great extent with the Pilgrims in their first experience on the inhospitable shores of New England.

'Seems to me, John, I can just see them poor creatures gettin' out' o' the boat in that freezin' cold weather, an' nowhere on earth to go—had to build a log hut to live in. I think they were a dreadful brave people.'

'Who're you talkin' about, Hannah?'

'I was just thinkin' about the Pilgrims.'

'Oh, them people that settled Massachusetts? P'r'haps 'twasn't a cold day when they landed. Besides, they came over here to get their own way; lots of people are brave enough for that.'

'You're always runnin' people down, John. I'm sure I'd like to know why you come out here to this forlorn place—it's like the last end of nowhere—unless 'twas to have your own way. And you had a good business in the East, too. Folks might say hard things of you if they tried.'

'What's that to me, I'd like to know? I'll go where I can run the business I want to without being meddled with all the time.'

'But there's no law in Connecticut against keepin' a saloon if you kept your license paid up.'

'No more there isn't, but I'd rather fight the law than have a dozen o' those women cranks naggin' me all the time.'

'I don't know sometimes but they're right, though, if they are cranky,' said the woman a little sullenly. 'It don't seem to me, when I think of it, as though we had any right to sell stuff to people that's almost sure death to 'em in the long run.'

She ended rather defiantly, like a person who acts from a resolve to do something totally at variance with his whole previous line of conduct, and who feels at the same time a little ashamed to let his change of opinion be known. Her husband turned to look at her curiously. She went on with her work without heeding him. Presently he walked across the room and stood before her.

'Seems to me,' he said slowly, 'you're changin' your mind rather late; you never used to have no objections to sellin' folks what they wanted. An' I'll jest warn ye that them airs won't do no good. I'm sellin' liquor, an' I'm goin' to do it spite of any one. Other people an' their chilrun kin take care o' themselves.'

'Other people's children, yes; but how about your own? Maybe you'd better be lookin' after yours.'

'What d'ye mean by that?' demanded the man fiercely. 'I ain't got but one, an' d'ye think Mary Ann 'll take to drink? Not much; she's too much like her old father for that.'

His face softened as he spoke of his child. Then he turned away, went out of the door and down towards the barns where some of the stock was housed for the winter. Far away above the prairie he saw a horseman

coming. 'Some one for the mail,' he said to himself. 'But Hannah's in there; she'll tend to him till I get through.' He went on to the barn, thinking of the child of whom he had spoken—Mary Ann—the one thing that he loved. He recalled the time when she had first begun to notice him; when she had first said: 'Dada;' all the years when he had carried her around in his arms; then let her run after him when he was at work; all through her girlhood when she had been so much to him; up to the time of her marriage, his thoughts travelled. She had been away from home now for two years, and the house had never been the same since. It is true she lived on the next ranch, but that was a distance of ten miles away.

'Poor little Mary Ann, poor little gal!' he muttered to himself. 'I must go over an' see her to-morrow. Somehow it seemed 's though she didn't look so happy the last time I was there. If I thought that fellow was usin' her bad I'd—I'—yes, I'd kill him sure.'

Meantime, the horseman John had seen away in the distance had arrived, tied his horse and disappeared within the house. He was in the rough ranch dress, but his voice when he spoke and his words betrayed the gentleman.

'Good-day, Mrs. Simpson. Isn't it good that winter holds off so long?'

'Yes, sir, it is that,' replied Hannah. 'I only wish it wouldn't come at all; but that's not to be thought of.'

'No, and it's coming soon, too. It will be a tough night to-night unless I'm mistaken.'

'Here's your mail, sir; an' what'll you have to drink?'

'Nothing, thank you,' was the grave reply.

The woman reddened as she said:

'I know you don't take anything; I didn't think; I am so used to askin' that question of everybody that comes in.'

'That's all right, Mrs. Simpson. I know you wouldn't tempt me. I don't need the stuff, you see! and as I know I'm better without it, I don't take it.'

Hannah said nothing. The man started toward the door, but turned before he reached it and spoke.

'When have you seen your daughter, Mrs. Simpson?'

'It must be goin' on two weeks now, sir, since John was over there, an' I hain't seen her for longer yet. And somehow she don't find time to come here. A married woman's time ain't her own always, you know.'

'I saw her as I came by this afternoon, and she looked—' the man hesitated—'rather lonely. Why don't you go and see her oftener?'

'She ain't sick, is she?' asked the mother anxiously.

'She's didn't look well,' replied the man evasively.

'John an' me'll go over to-morrow or next day,' said the mother. 'We was goin' then anyway.'

'Be sure you do go to-morrow, if possible,' said the man earnestly as he left the house. 'She's alone a great deal, you know; her husband has to be away so much.'

To himself he said: 'I'll stop and see the girl on my way back, and tell her they are coming; perhaps that will keep her straight until to-morrow.' But when he reached the ranch, no one was to be seen. 'She's gone already, and taken the baby with her, poor girl! I'd go after her if my wife wasn't looking for me at just such a time. She'd be frightened to death if I didn't get back to-night. I must go home first anyway.' So he took the trail back to his own ranch. while poor Mary Ann was already well on the road to a post-office station fifteen miles away in a direction opposite to her father's house.

* * * * * * * *

'What's that you said, Dan? A woman found dead? Where?'

John Simpson asked the question listlessly.

'Over near Miller's station, 'bout half-way 'tween there and your gal's house.'

'I'm glad it wasn't nearer hers; 'twould about frightened her to death if she knowed it. Mary Ann was an awful skeery little thing! Who found the woman, Dan?'

'That fellow that came out here last spring; I'v forgot his name; lives 'bout ten miles tother side o' Mary Ann's.'

'I know; Robinson, you mean; he was here yesterday. Nice kind of feller, I guess, although I couldn't never get no money out of him for liquor. He giv' me a lecture w'en he first come out for sellin' liquor, but he ain't never meddled with me since, an' I don't know as I bear him any grudge.'

'What did he say ter you?'

'I don't know. He preached a reg'lar sermon; took for his text: "Am I my brother's keeper?" an' at the end he ast me how'd I like to have some one sellin' liquor to my gal, and see her drinkin' herself to death. I told him there warn't a grain o' sense in talkin' o' that. My child was all right an' I didn't feel no call to look arter other people's chilrun. They must shift for themselves.'

'Guess if Robinson 'd gone on that plan you'd never known what become o' your gal,' said Dan bluntly.

He had been trying in this way to break the sad news gently to old John. But he saw through the window the rude waggon coming over the plain with its burden, the mother with the babe in her arms, both dead—frozen to death on the plains in the fierce cold of the night before. He felt John must know the fact before the sad sight met his eyes. So he continued:

'If Robinson hadn't come to hunt her up, the snow'd mighty soon have buried her, an' you'd never have found her.'

John turned savagely upon the speaker.

'Dan Jones, are yer luney? Do yer know yer talkin' about my gal?'

'That's jest the one I'm tellin' yer about,' he persisted. And incensed by John's words and expression, he burst forth with the naked truth. 'Your gal went over to Miller's station yesterday an' got drunk, an' comin' home, she laid down on the ground an' froze to death—her an' the young un, too.' He sprang aside as he spoke, or John's fist would have felled him to the floor.

'If I hear o' you repeating sech a lie ag'in, I'll send you where you'll wish you'd never said it.'

'Come and see for yerself,' said Dan doggedly as he reached the door, and opening it, slipped outside.

The waggon had stopped close to the house, and two men, aided by Dan, began removing from it what looked like a rude bier. A light blanket was covered over it, and John could not see what was beneath; but it looked like the form of a woman. It was the woman Dan had been talking about he supposed; but why were they bringing her—it—into the house? If they wanted to send off by the train, it would be better to go directly to the station—just a few rods down the road. Through the window he saw the men approaching the door; and he tried to go forward to speak to them; but he suddenly found himself unable to do it. A horrible fear had seized upon him. He could not tell what. The men came up on the steps and in at the open door—having some little trouble to get their burden through. They laid it upon the floor in front of John, where he stood with his back to the stove. Somebody—it was Robinson he found out afterward—came and touched his arm, and spoke some words which fell upon his ear without any meaning. Then he turned down the blanket, and John saw the familiar girlish face and form, with the baby in its arms. Only a glance he gave it, and then with a low groan fell on the floor beside it as stiff, and, to all appearances, as lifeless as the corpse itself.

It was not a 'stroke,' though they thought at first it was; John recovered and transacted his business in and out of the house as before—with a single exception. Of course the bar was closed until after the funeral. And until the funeral John would not leave his 'little gal,' as he called her still; but sat beside her constantly, day and night, often talking to her. He seemed to draw some mental comfort and healing in this way. He said, long, after, to Mr. Robinson:

'It didn't seem to me that time as though Mary Ann was really dead, I know'd she was, but I couldn't make it seem so. An' as I talked to her, I told her all how I come to be so careless like, an' selfish. I tried to blame her husband first for her gettin' that bad habit. But I see plain enough, pretty soon that I couldn't do that in reason. 'Cause he never drank a drop, an' never had a drop in the house. No, she jest larned how to use it at home—in her old daddy's house, her daddy that would a-died for her, an' never thought it nothin'. I used to give her a drop or two myself once in a while when she was very leetle—jest to see her laugh and say: "More, dada." But when I put her at the bar to sell it, told her very decided: "You mustn't never tech a drop yourself, little gal," an' she promised not to. 'Twasn't right to serve her so; 'twas too hard on her. Just to larn her to like the stuff, an' then put her to give it to everyone else an' not take it herself. But I asked her pardon for it that time' fore we put her out o' sight. An' sure as you stan' there, I heered her say—jest with her own voice: "Forgive you, father? Why, of course, you didn't know what you was doin'." An' I didn't then,' he concluded with emphasis. 'An' what's more I wouldn't believe what was told me.'

One change in John's establishment was apparent to some of his customers. After his daughter's death his stock of liquors suddenly gave out. From the day his child was brought home dead, and his wife suddenly closed the bar, not another drop of liquor was sold. To the first man who asked if he could have some, John said simply:

'No, sir, you can't.'

To Robinson only and to Hannah, did he vouchsafe any explanation of his intentions.

'Guess I'll try to look after somebody else's children a lettle, now I can't see after my own any more.' The words ended in a husky voice, and John suddenly bent his head and sobbed, as only a man can sob, and then only when his heart is broken.

'If Jesus Christ be with thee, no enemy can hurt thee. If Jesus Christ be from thee, no friend can help thee.'

Expiring Subscriptions..

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A Niche For You.

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy,
A corner for you to fill;
And it waits to-day,
Along life's way,
For the boy with a frank, 'I will!'
So, lad, be true,
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you in the world, my girl,
A corner for you to fill;
For a girl that is kind,
With a pure, sweet mind,
A place that is waiting still.
So, lass, be true,
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

The world wants you, my boys and girls,
There are corners for you to fill;
And a work to do
Which no one but you
In God's great plan can fill.
So, dears, be true,
The world wants you
And your place is waiting still.

—'Temperance Banner.'

Out in Thirteen Seconds.

(The Rev. H. T. Crane.)

Let us now leave the fire tower and see where the men sleep, because firemen are not permitted to sleep at home, but must remain in the engine house all night, ready for action. Going down one flight of stairs, we find ourselves in a large room, which contains enough beds to give each man one. On the wall yonder is a large gong to arouse them. Here, in easy reach, is a round, smooth, steel bar, which passes through a trap door in the floor, and is fastened in the floor below, where the engine is. When the alarm sounds the firemen spring from their beds, slide down this bar and are in their places in a jiffy. The men wear their underwear in bed, beside them on the floor are their heavy rubber boots, and on the top of these, so arranged that they can easily be slipped on, are their trousers. The heavy hats, or helmets, together with their warm coats and mitts, are downstairs on the engine, hose and hook and ladder waggons. The bed-clothes are snatched from the sleepers by a mechanical contrivance; the gas is lighted by electricity, and flashes out in the darkness.

The most interesting part to me is downstairs. Let us slide down the pole. Got a blister? Well, never mind. That horse and buggy belong to the chief, who always goes first to the fire. Those six horses, big, strong and knowing, are well trained, and as soon as the alarm rings they rush to their places, and are quickly harnessed. All the stalls face the front, and have no doors, the harness, except the bridle, is hung from the ceiling, over the place where the horses stand to be hitched. It takes about two seconds to hitch them up. The horses always wear their bridles, and when the alarm sounds electricity unfastens the bridle strap, heavy weights throw back the front doors, the men spring to their seats and all are ready to go out. If you will place your hand on the engine, you will find that it is warm; this is because they always keep warm water in the boiler, and as a rule they have sufficient steam to run the engine long before they arrive at the fire. Thus you see that in every way the firemen are helped to quickly respond when the alarm comes in.

The last time I visited the engine house the captain was laid up with a bad sprain which he had received at a fire. I said to the acting captain, 'How long. when you are sound asleep, does it take you to get out?' 'Well, he said, 'the operator in the fire tower said that one summer evening, when the windows were all open and all was very quiet, from the time he sounded the gong to waken us until he heard us going out on the granite street below, it was just thirteen seconds.' 'Thirteen seconds—whew!' said I, 'that nearly takes my breath away.'

'Would you like to see the horses come dashing out,' said he, 'and be hitched up?' This was just what I did want to see, but was a little timid about asking. 'All right,' he said, 'stand over there, out of the way.' Then he rang a bell, the men sprang to their positions. One of them was upstairs washing his face and hands; without waiting to dry himself, and with his face covered with soapsuds, he dropped down the pole like a ball from a cannon and leaped to his seat on the hose waggon. The horses, eager for a run, came rushing madly for their places. Every day at twelve o'clock, when the great bell rings out the noon hour, the fire laddies go through this drill, and if you are near there it will pay you to go in and see them.—'Journal and Messenger.'

A Day in Honolulu.

(Grace W. Hoekje, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

If first impressions are the most lasting, Honolulu must seem to many the port where peace and beauty reign. The first early-morning glance from the porthole revealed a sea covered with white sails, and to the traveller weary of sea sights, sea sounds, and above all sea-sickness they seemed like white-winged doves of peace. I never had felt very great respect for just ordinary ground before, but now, to be allowed to step on firm earth was pleasure, and dirt and dust seemed a blessing.

Like the Hindus, Honolulu people have a delightful way of welcoming by putting garlands of flowers around the necks of their guests. Before we left the island, our party were seized with desire to follow the fashion, and even the Bishop allowed us to wreath his hat with everlastings. Some of the bolder spirits added strings of beads. The most common were made of large white beads called Job's Tears, that looked very much like sea-shells interspersed with groups of what looked like large brown apple seeds. These cost the exorbitant price of ten cents. They were not so bad as some made of big red beads, that looked positively barbarous, but the more hideous, the most costly—upto a certain price. There were beautiful strings of tiny South Sea Island shells on sale in most of the shops, whose iridescence closely rivalled the beauty of opals.

Honlolulu streets bear very suggestive names, no doubt, Sunday School street, Like-like street, and Bethel street, all have a history though guessing does not give a stranger very much satisfaction about it. Punch Bowl street refers, of course, to Punch-bowl Hill just outside the city, and Hotel street, perhaps, dates back to the time when there was only one hotel in Honolulu.

Fashion decrees that native Hawaiian women shall wear Mother Hubbard wrappers for street gowns. I saw some white ones, with drawn work yokes and others of beautiful silk. No doubt, this is better than the palm leaf costumes of their ancestors, but even this leaves much to be desired. In the Bishop Museum, where relics of early times are preserved, there is a tapa dress worn by ancient Hawaiians, which gives a clue as to why the women chose this style of gown. It was simply a square garment sewed up at the top except for an opening for their head. It is not hard to trace the transition from the tapa dress to Mother Hubbards.

In a curio store down town we saw advertised 'a native Hawaiian dress for twenty-five cents.' We found out, in the museum, how to wear it. The entire costume consists of two parts—a head dress and a gown. The head dress is a wreath of small orange-color paper flowers, looking at a distance very like clover heads. The gown is simply a short skirt of straw or husks, bound into a band. If the next step in the evolution of Hawaiian dress be as great an improvement as the present costume is over the two former ones then Paris modistes may well look to their laurels.

The verdure of Honolulu is tropical, and very beautiful. In a walk of five minutes, we saw several kinds of palms, bread-fruit, cacti, century plants, and banana trees in all stages of bloom and fruitage. The abundance of flowers almost reconciles one to the cruel practice of stringing flower heads into garlands, as if they were beads. Never, not even in a conservatory, have I seen such an abundance of bloom as in the cemetery next to Kawaiahao church. There were blossoms everywhere—on trees, bushes, vines and thickly covering the graves. Most of the flowers were strangers to us. I remember the name of only one—the Ibiscus, a flaming red blossom as large as a calla lily, growing on the hedges which many Honoluluans have around their yards.

Honolulu public buildings certainly remind one very forcibly of faded glory. The executive building, which was the state residence of Hawaii's last two royal sovereigns, is surrounded by a beautiful park, as large as four city blocks. Within are startlingly realistic oil paintings of Hawaiian royalty and foreign friends of the kingdom. Though much of the furniture belonged to the old palace, still this building is not untenantable. But the judiciary building is a disgrace to a respectable state. The floor is dirty, railings and furniture are covered with dust, the walls are freely decorated with names and caricatures in lead pencil and ink, and the woodwork was perhaps once, but certainly is not now, covered with paint.

In front of this building is a bronze statue of Kamehameha I., to Hawaiian eyes one of the most beautiful things on the island. His name, and this is true of most of Hawaiian words—has much more of attractiveness for foreigners. Kamehameha, Kapiolani, Molokai, Waialae, Bawaiahao—say the words slowly, giving the vowels their full value. Doesn't it bring up a picture of slow, lazy, contented life in Indian summer weather?

The pilgrim shrine for missionary visitors is, of course, the 'Old Stone Church,' Kawaiahao church. It is a severely plain building, with a square tower exactly in the middle of the front. Four great white Doric pillars, which support the porch, and a tower clock are the only ornaments. And yet, its severe simplicity is most striking, and its history cannot but thrill the hearts of Christians. It is built entirely of white coral, every piece quarried and carried to the spot by devoted converts.

Here, in 1825, the first Christian church was organized with ten converts. Twelve years afterwards, in 1837, the regular congregations numbered nearly four thousand. History such as this is a most effective antidote to the poisonous complaint that missions are useless or a failure. The first meeting house was an immense wigwam of sticks and grass. A tablet

on the front of the present structure pays just tribute to the work of Hiram Bingham, first missionary to these islands, who, in 1836, planned this church and in 1842 saw it completed.

What Mount Fuji is to Yokohama, that Diamond Head is to Honolulu harbor. Just why this bare bold headland is called Diamond Head is not quite clear. It is really an extinct volcano, rising abruptly from level land behind, and level sea before—an irregular great brown pyramid, from which some giant with an immense spoon has taken the apex. To see it well from the landward side, one should take the street cart to Waiki Beach, and then walk out to the lighthouse. The ride alone is well worth while. One catches glimpses, through hedges of bloom, of broad one-story cottages in every variety of artistic architecture, set in luxurious yards, and surrounded by tropical foliage and flower. Here is a beautiful antelope, in the next yard, a faithful Chinese ama guards a mischievous little tot; in a side yard is a native woman sitting on the ground beside a tub, industriously doing a family washing. We pass banana plantations and vegetable gardens all carefully marked off into little plots by irrigation ditches, and then the road stops abruptly in a grove, apparently for no reason whatever. Unfortunately, all eyes do not see the beauties that those of enterprising real estate agents do.

One of the best, if not the best of pleasure excursions is the ride up Pacific Heights. The electric road winds back and forth up the slope, each turn almost or quite above the one before, to the height of nearly one thousand feet. The view is magnificent—in fact, adjectives fail one by the time he is half way up the slope. The eye feasts on rows of palm trees, and the city, like a doll village, hidden in green. Higher up, one sees, far out, the coral reefs and white waves breaking over them, while nearer are crags and hills of tropical foliage and broad fields of sugar cane. Still higher up, one looks down into the top of Punch Bowl, and is surprised to see no hole in this extinct volcano. Instead the slightly concave top is marked off into green fields, with not a sign of fire and brimstone.

Far up the heights the car stops. It was a most eloquent tribute to the power of nature that none of our party cared to talk by the time we got up here. Every one hurried to the edge of the crag eager to obtain another view. The Kadok-er first found his voice. 'I used all my films on views coming up this mountain,' he said, with a groan, 'and now I haven't any left for the best of all.'

But I was in no mood to offer sympathy, and strolled on, to where the Bishop was meditating. All the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them,' I heard him say, then turning abruptly to me, 'I begin to understand now something of how much the temptation must have meant to Christ.'

As beautiful as our coming into Honolulu harbor was our departure. For half an hour before sailing, the Royal Hawaiian Band, which plays at the departure of every ocean steamer, filled the air with music well worthy of the name. As the great steamer slowly prepared to depart, the music pleadingly asked, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' The crowding and the pushing ceased, the travellers leaned heavily on the railing, or with sober faces quietly retreated to their steamer chairs, and thoughts flew fast to dear ones left already more than ten days behind. But the parting was hopeful too, and hardly had the last strains died away, before the music sounded forth again in the lively Japanese national air, and these were the last sounds that reached the listeners' ears.

Beautiful, too, was the last view. On the right Diamond Head stood out boldly, saying to the sea, 'Thus far, and no farther.' The eye travelled over mountain ranges in the background, to the city in the centre foreground; then to Pacific Heights, a little to the left, and back still further, from mountain ranges to low plains, ending in coral reefs that it strained the eye to follow.

'Take a good look at it, my dear,' said a missionary veteran, on her third out-going voyage. 'It is the last you'll see of your country for seven long years.'

But youth looks to the future, not the past. 'I am going forward,' said the new missionary, 'to watch the sunset and see whither our good ship is going. The next stop is Yokohama and Japan.'

The sun set in a blaze of glory, and the steamer, forging straight toward the west, seemed following up a golden path, the golden path that leads to opportunity and Japan.

Mr. Bluebird and his Motherless Brood.

(Margie Kirkton, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Some years ago a friend of mine was married and began house-keeping. Finding a pair of bluebirds wanting to build in the large maple tree at the back door, she had a box put up for them.

Two or three days after she had put up the box she noticed them flying around bringing small sticks, twigs, leaves and hair to build their little home. In about a week there was a little, pale blue egg in the nest and the next day there was another, and so on until there were five pretty little eggs, which made quite a nestful.

In a short time the nest was full of young birds and, of course, this meant that the old birds must work hard and get their young ones plenty of worms, bugs and crumbs, because young birds will eat quite a good deal.

One day about noon, while my friend was getting dinner she heard quite a disturbance in the back yard, and rushed to the door to see what was the trouble.

As she came to the door she saw a rat's head sticking out of the box in the maple tree, and picking up the first thing that came handy, which happened to be a mop-stick, she ran to the box and shoved the large end in so that the rat could not get out. She then took down the box and took the rat out and, much to her surprise and displeasure, she found that the mother bird was killed. She put the box up again, hoping that the little ones would live.

She watched the nest carefully, and strange to say, she found that Mr. Bluebird raised the young ones and cared for them as carefully as the mother bird would have done, and when they were old enough he taught them to fly. She was very much pleased, and hoped she would have some birds the next year.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

What A Boy Did.

Jamie Pettigrew was the smartest boy in our class. He was a praying boy, and we all liked him the better for that. Willie Hunter was a real good fellow, too, and Willie and Jamie used to run neck and neck for the prizes. Either the one or the other was always at the top of the class.

Examination day came round, and we were asked such a lot of puzzling questions that, one by one, we all dropped off, till, just as we expected, the first prize lay between Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget how astonished we were when question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie was silent; and Willie took the prize.

I went home with Jamie that afternoon, for our roads lay together; but, instead of being cast down at losing the prize, he seemed rather to be mightily glad. I could not understand it.

'Why, Jamie,' I said, 'you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could.'

'Of course I could,' he answered with a light laugh.

'Then why didn't you?' I asked.

He wouldn't answer for a while, but I kept pressing and pressing him, till at last he turned round with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie blue eyes.

'Look here,' he said, 'how could I help it? There's poor Willie—his mother died last week, and if it hadn't been examination day he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a fellow who had just lost his mother?'—'Sunday-School Advocate.'

The Bravest Little Mother

(Ida T. Thurston, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

When we first made her acquaintance she was not a mother—she was just a happy little bride in a suit of red and brown, going about with her husband in search of a house lot on which to build their home. It wasn't exactly a house lot either that they were seeking, but, anyhow, it was a place to build their home. They were very particular about the location. It must be a sunny, breezy spot, with fine views in every direction; it must be high, and it must be where there were nice neighbors, for the bride was a sociable little body and fond of company; and her young husband was anxious about all things that she should be suited. So they were a long time deciding on a location, but at last they determined to build in our front yard, and though they never said a word to us about it, we were glad enough to have them there. Indeed, we felt quite proud to have them give us such a proof of their confidence in our good-will. With plenty of wide-spreading trees all about, Mr. and Mrs. Robin selected for their nest a tiny maple tree which grew close to the wire fence separating the yard from the wide bouldery meadow where the two cows lived in the day time. It seemed a queer choice, but there was a hunting-cat that lived under the barn, and they knew that the cat could not climb such a little tree as that, while she could easily run up a big thick trunk.

It was pretty to watch that home building. Day after day the little husband flew back and forth, bringing grass and straw and horse hair and feathers to the little wife, who examined each bit with a critical air as if she would say, 'You mean well, dear, but a husband cannot be expected to know much about these

matters.' So a great many of the materials she tossed aside as quite unsuitable. Mr. Robin never objected to her rulings, but when she did approve of what he brought he was so proud and happy! He would balance himself on a twig and sing and sing, before he flew off for another load.

The nest was completed at last, and then it wasn't long before it held three little speckled eggs. It was then that the boy began to take an interest in the family—the boy who thought that the yard belonged to him. Every day he would climb up on the fence post and take a peep at the nest. The first time that the little bird saw the boy's round, freckled face and black eyes peering at her through the leaves she was terribly frightened and flew off like a streak; but in a few minutes she darted back to the tree, and though the boy was still there, she crept slowly along inch by inch, and at last slipped back into the nest and settled down over those precious little eggs. Her tiny heart must have been fluttering with deadly fear, but she knew that the eggs must not be left, and so she braved the black eyes and went back. She got quite used to the round, freckled face after a while, for every day she saw it peering at her through the leaves; but she was never quite easy when it was there, and her husband never approved of the boy at all.

There came a morning when the speckled eggs were gone, and in the nest were three funny, naked baby birds, with big yellow mouths always open and clamoring for food. Then followed busy days for the little father and mother—days when they were on the wing from sunrise to sunset, and even so could hardly get enough to supply and fill all those mouths, and their own besides. But they did it somehow, and the babies grew till they were almost as big as their parents and beautifully feathered, only their breasts were speckled, and not reddish-yellow like the father and mother.

When they had grown so big that the nest would hardly hold them, there came a great storm—a pouring rain and a heavy wind, that beat and thrashed and twisted the trees like a young hurricane. The boy, going out the next morning, found the father and mother robins fluttering anxiously about the tree, and on the grass under it, cuddled together in a little draggled, ruffled heap, were the three babies. They were uttering loud, frightened, peeping cries when he found them, but as he bent over them they became suddenly silent, and not a sound did they make when he picked them up carefully, put them into his cap and carried them into the house. He hunted up a canary bird's cage and put them into that, but though he gave them crumbs and worms and flies, they would not eat. They would just huddle together in the bottom of the cage, making mournful little peeping sounds whenever they were alone. Finally the boy put the cage out of doors on the ground and sat himself down on the doorstep, wondering what he should do with the forlorn little feathered mites. Then suddenly all three of them broke into loud, joyous chirping and began to crowd and push against the wires, and then the boy laughed aloud, for there came the little mother hopping up to the cage with a big fat grasshopper in her bill. In a twinkling she nipped off its head and dropped it through the bars into one gaping mouth; then she cut the rest into halves and filled the other two mouths, and then with a low, comforting little twitter, she was off after a fresh supply. After that there was no trouble about the feeding. The faithful little mother attended to it all day long and every day.

Another day it rained and the boy set the cage on the kitchen floor, leaving the kitchen door open. But the babies were hungry just the same as in sunny weather, and their brave little mother knew that. She fluttered anxiously about the door for an hour or more—the babies giving shrill, impatient calls every time they caught a glimpse of her, but she was afraid to venture inside. At last, however, love triumphed over fear. With a worm dangling from her bill she alighted on the door-sill—her bright eyes watching the boy and his mother doubtfully; but the babies clamored frantically for that worm, and the little mother could not resist them. Suddenly she darted across the sill and ran with swift and noiseless feet to the cage, where she fed her babies as fast as she could. The boy wanted to shut the door and catch her, but his mother would not let him do that. The next day was sunny and the cage was set outside again to the great relief of the brave little mother.

But it was not long before the hunting-cat discovered the plump baby birds, and immediately her mouth watered for a taste of them. The boy found her creeping stealthily toward the cage, with a hungry gleam in her eyes. He drove her off, and she slunk into her hiding place under the barn. The mother robin had seen her, too, and she and her husband evidently took counsel together, for presently the boy discovered the father robin perched on the dead limb of a tree near the barn, and there he sat hour after hour and day after day. When the hunting-cat crept out from her lair under the barn the father robin would give a sharp, peculiar call, and at the sound his wife would come darting back, and the two of them would fly at the cat, their wings outspread and their bills wide open, as if they were ten times her size. Perhaps she thought they were; at any rate, they drove her off again and again, and never once did she get her sharp claws on their babies.

Sometimes the father would take a hand in the feeding, but he made rather clumsy work of it. Once, when his wife had just divided a big spider among the three, the father came swooping down beside the cage with a worm in his bill—a worm so long that it hung down on each side of him and got under his feet and almost tripped him up. Evidently it was too large for him to manage, for he stood there looking about in a queer, helpless fashion, with it dangling from his mouth, while his wife at one side watched him with her tiny beads of eyes, as if waiting to see what he would do with it. Finally, with a scornful flirt of her tail, she hopped up to him, snatched the worm away, and in a twinkling she had it cut into morsels and was portioning it out to the ever-hungry brood. The competent air with which she did it in contrast to his clumsy helplessness was funny enough to see.

One day when the boy came home from a fishing trip, the cage door was wide open and the baby birds were gone. How that door came to be open he could not imagine, but perhaps his mother knew.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

More Old-time Hiccough Charms.

(To be said in one breath.)

When a twister a twisting, will twist him a twist;
For the twisting of his twist, he three times doth untwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls with the twister, the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisted the twine he had twined in a twain.

The twain that, in twining, before in the twine,
As twines were entwisted, he now doth untwine;
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

My grandmother sent me a new-fashioned three cornered cambric cut handkerchief. Not an old-fashioned three cornered cambric country cut handkerchief, but a new-fashioned three cornered cambric country cut handkerchief.—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

A Remarkable Conversion.

The conversion of the late Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck was very remarkable in some respects. Relating it to his congregation in Springfield, Massachusetts, a friend reported it in the 'Daily Union' of that city, March 29, 1873, as follows: 'On Sept. 15, 1856, I started up the mountain-side after the herd of cows. When about half way a terrible thunder-storm broke over the mountain and meadow. I took refuge in an old deserted house till the storm swept by. I was so high on the mountain that I could see the clouds lowering and the lightning far below me. While standing on the doorsill and watching the fearful thunderbolts, the goodness of God in protecting and blessing me with all I enjoyed came crashing like a thunder-bolt through my soul. In a moment I noticed my ingratitude and disobedience. My past life, the future, God's claims, my present duty, swept before me like a panorama. I felt every nobler instinct and sentiment of my soul demanded of me to give myself to God's service from that hour. The contest between my duty and inclination was sharp but short. I dropped on my knees in prayer and made a consecration of myself to my heavenly Father. I prayed till my soul found peace and rest through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

'When I arose the storm had ceased and the sun was shining. I was in a new world. I never saw such beauty and glory in the face of nature before. The retreating storm, the gorgeous rainbow, the trees dripping and glistening with pearls, through which the sun flashed, every green blade tipped with diamond drops, formed one resplendent scene that thrilled my enraptured heart. From that hour new purposes swayed me, new pulses stirred within me; new and better thoughts awoke. I was lifted out of the old ruts, started on a new course, and was driven toward a new destiny. I was not frightened by the fear of hell, but melted by the thought of God's goodness. There was no religious interest in the town,

and no human agency employed to lead me to salvation. It was all of God. By the grace of God alone I am what I am. To him belongs all the glory of saving me from a sinful life and a miserable future. Since that hour I have never doubted God's power and willingness to suddenly and soundly change and regenerate the penitent sinner.'—'Christian Alliance.'

Two Jolly Little Dolls for the Christmas Tree.

Among the pretty knicknacks that are wanted to adorn the Christmas tree, without being too heavy, the witch doll and the peanut man will be gay additions and quite fascinating for an evening's work by a party of young folks.

For the witch doll, all that will be needed is the scrap bag, a few yards of narrow ribbon and some nice, large hickory nuts.

The body is made of a piece of white calico, folded to a width of three inches and rolled till it is as thick as a lead pencil. Tie the roll securely with coarse thread at the top, but let the lower edge be free to spread a little to help the old lady stand up.

For the head, wrap a fold of cotton round one of the nuts, remembering that the pointed end will form the nose. After getting the nut secured from slipping back out of position, cut off the cotton half an inch below the nut and by means of this piece sew the head very strongly to the body. If this much of the work is well one, the rest is plain sailing.

Make a very full petticoat of any suitable goods, gather, and sew about half an inch below the head. Over this gather a still wider skirt of some rather stiff goods, sewing on at the same place. Be sure the skirts are of such length (a little longer than the body) that the doll will stand alone. For the upper garment, which is merely a long cape, cut a semicircle of any contrasting goods, the straight edge being about twice the height of the doll. Scallop or pink the rounded edge, fold down an inch or so across the top, but do not hem. Now fasten simply round the neck so that the cape closes neatly down the front. It should finish just above the edge of the skirt.

For the witch's bonnet, take a three-inch square of some wiry goods that will not crease easily. Cut it on the straight, fold it inside out diagonally and sew it across one side and half down the other. Now turn right side out, fold in the corner that was not sewed up and slip that opening over the head, sewing securely round the neck and under the chin. A piece of narrow ribbon round the neck tied in long bows in front completes the costume, after which you have only to ink on the eyes, nose and mouth.

A writer in the 'Morning Star' thus describes the peanut man:—

One peanut makes the head, on which you must mark with a pen the eyes, nose, mouth, ears and hair, and you may give him a beard if you choose.

Now, by means of a long needle and a strand of thread, string together three peanuts, end to end, for the little man's body, two for each arm and two for each leg. Select two very small ones to make the feet, marking them with a pen to represent shoes.

But he will be a queer man, indeed, if you leave him in this condition—for he is a civilized fellow and must have some clothes. If you are a girl, make him a suit yourself; if you are a boy, get your sister to make it for you.

To give him a gay look, suppose you make his coat of red cloth, his trousers of yellow and his leggings of green. Then finish him off by putting the cup of an acorn on his head for a hat, and to this attach a thread by which you can hang him up.

Last Week's Prize Winners.

The lists sent in so far are so small that the prizes and commissions awarded are amounting to nearly double the amount sent in by the prize winners.

Any one reading the following statement carefully will see how easily people are earning these cash prizes.

The first one to start in any town or village has of course the best chance. The best lists so far are coming from villages,

The first week of the competition the two prize winners sent us altogether only $22.85

And they received as commission	$18.03
And " " " Prizes....	$15.00
	$33.03

Another week in this competition the two prize winners sent us altogether only $8.85, Just think of it!

And they received as commission	$1,86
And " " " Prizes....	$15.00
	$16.86

The lists sent in are wofully small as yet. This is bad for us, but it makes it all the more easy for you to win the prizes.

Why don't you try? Even if you live in a small village you could easily beat the **largest** list yet. Remember, that these prizes have been secured by lists amounting to only $6.00 and $2.35 respectively. All the prizes so far except one, have been secured by those living in villages.

We are giving these cash prizes, one of $10 and one of $5, every week until Christmas, in **addition** to our very liberal commissions, which alone are enough to make canvassing for the 'Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger' a very profitable occupation for your spare time.

Besides, there is that prize of $200 coming next spring to the one sending the largest amount of subscription money (except Sunday School clubs for 'Northern Messenger') before that date. Everything you send in now counts towards that prize, besides giving you the chance of one of the weekly prizes.

Try your neighbors. They will appreciate our publications as much as you do.

The following are the successful competitors in the gold competition for the week ending November 26th.

First Prize—$10.00 to W. B. Vanvliet, Province of Quebec, who, besides the prize, earns $15.50 as commission, making $25.50 profit on his week's work.

Second Prize—$5.00 to M. J. Cavers, also of the Province of Quebec, who, besides the prize, earns $12.98 as commission, making $17.98 profit for his week's work.

The lists must be marked "Gold Competition."

These Prizes are despatched each Monday.

Full particulars of the competition will be sent on application.

To Stay At Home Is Best.

(By Marina Everett, in 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

There was a slight commotion at Mrs. Sawyer's back door. 'I've brushed and brushed, and there isn't a teenty mite of snow on my feet now.'

'There isn't a teenty mite on my feet either.'

The door swung open. In hopped Dorcas with her most intimate friend Susannah Gould.

'Oh, Mother, can I?' questioned Dorcas.

Mother Sawyer knew at once what was wanted. Ever since Dorcas (now strongly 'going on six') was five, she had asked regularly every little while to stay all night at Susannah's. The answer, however, had always been, 'No, my Dear.' But this time Mother Sawyer's countenance assumed a thoughtful expression. The little Dorcas looked so eager; she had borne the long series of disappointments sweetly; Susannah lived next door and had a good, motherly mother; well—

Seeing the yes-look gradually dawn, Dorcas added in a soft little voice, 'Pl-e-a-s-i-e, Mother.' Susannah, too, contributed a melodious, 'Pl-e-a-s-i-e, Mrs. Sawyer.'

A long, long minute passed. It was time to speak. Finally, instead of what Susannah once recklessly termed a 'mizzable old "No Dear,"' came a lovely brand-new 'Yes, Dear.'

'O goody, goody!' cried Dorcas.

'Goody, goody!' echoed Susannah.

The matter being decided, Mother Sawyer went into the bedroom for a small nightgown and nightcap. These she rather slowly wrapped up in an old newspaper.

Then Dorcas said good-by.

After the door closed Mother Sawyer stood at the small-paned window and watched the children, as their feet twinkled over the light November snow. One little figure, carrying a bundle under its arm, turned many times to wave a red-mittened hand. Then Mrs. Gould's side door opened, and the girls disappeared from view.

Father Sawyer came in to warm up a bit. He was a quiet man. When the news about Dorcas was broken, he only scratched his head reflectively with his thumb and remarked, 'Sho! sho!'

The Sawyer supper table was far from being a merry one. There was an A B C plate of heart-shaped seed cookies on one end of the table. 'I only wish the child was here to eat them,' sighed Mother Sawyer.

Just before bedtime Father Sawyer absent-mindedly took up the warming pan. Then, remembering,

'OH! MOTHER, CAN I?'

he put it down slowly and shook his head, as if something was all wrong.

It was past eleven o'clock, and all good country folk were either asleep or dozing.

Suddenly Mother Sawyer thought she heard the rattle of the back-door latch. Father Sawyer heard it, too, and was out of bed in the twinkling of an eye, in his haste stumbling over an empty trundle bed.

'Who's there?'

'It's me,' replied a voice small, tearful, familiar.

'My sakes alive!' and in another twinkling of an eye Mother Sawyer was out of bed and at the door, too. It didn't take long, you may be sure, to grab up Dorcas, barefooted, clad only in nightdress and nightcap, with a petticoat around her shoulders.

The frosty little feet were rubbed with snow, and soon swallows of hot ginger tea were doing their warming work. Then, wrapped in a woolly blanket, Dorcas was taken into bed with Father and Mother.

Very, very early in the morning, Father Sawyer crept softly out of bed so as not to awaken his 'baby.' He hastened over to the next house, hoping to save the kind Gould family a fright. They were not up. Great was their surprise to learn of Dorcas's flight, for they supposed she was sleeping peacefully beside Susannah!

All the forenoon Mother Sawyer was busy. There was the brick oven to be heated, brown bread and beans, pumpkin pies and cookies to to be baked. Other housewifely duties, too, demanded attention. Dorcas 'saved steps' when she could. After dinner, as company was expected to tea, Dorcas was gowned in her favorite dress, a red delaine thickly peppered with white polka spots, and a clean white tier trimmed with lace.

Mother Sawyer seated herself on one side of the open fire with a pile of stockings to mend. Dorcas put her chair opposite, but not far away. Then she took some squares of Irish chain patchwork out of a green box.

'Now, daughter, tell me about your visit with Susannah,' said Mother Sawyer.

'Yes'm,' was the reply. Then, after one or two laborious stitches, Dorcas paused and stared into the fire. She was thinking. In a minute or two she remarked: 'At supper I ate out of a blue and white plate— Mine's red and white— The caraway cookies were round. Mine are like hearts— Mother, I like things I'm used to.'

'What did you do after supper, Dear?'

Dorcas's little nose went down into her patchwork and several brown curls fell over her face. She giggled.

'O Mother, we played 'hop to

my barn' and Susannah fell over backwards. She didn't care. She laughed.'

'That was funny. What else?'

The giggles died away.

'When we played 'Shepherd and Wolf' Trufant was wolf. He growled and it fraided me. Mrs. Gould scolded him. He was sorry.'

The fire blazed up brightly, and Dorcas let the patchwork drop while she watched the flames. Then she examined her needle a moment.

'Mother, I most think my needle's squeaky. P'raps I'd better borrow your em'ry.'

The red flannel strawberry with green velvet calyx was deftly thrown and landed, to Dorcas's delight, exactly in the green box she was holding out to receive it. Then, while stabbing the innocent berry with the needle that 'most squeaked,' Dorcas went on.

'We made cheeses for a while. Susannah's skirts would just cover one of the round things in the carpet.'

'Where did you sleep, dear?'

"O-o-o-h,' said Dorcas, drawing herself together with a little shiver, while she stabbed harder than ever. ''Twas in the room next to Susannah's mother's. 'Twasn't a trungle bed. I like trungle beds, Mother, and there was so much blue in Susannah's quilt— There's red in mine— Susannah's father doesn't warm her bed with the warming pan— Susannah got all the clothes — 'Twas offly cold— I put the pillow over me, Mother. Made my head too low. Then my stomach felt bad, just as if 'twas going right over and over— Thought I'd feel better to have things I was used to— At last I knew I just had to, Mother. So I got up softly, unbolted the door, and ran home just as quick's I could. It fraided me all alone in the night. But I just had to come.'

The last words were punctuated with vigorous little stabs into the flannel strawberry.

'Daughter,' said Mrs. Sawyer, with just the least bit of shake in her voice, 'come here and let me fix your sash. The left end hangs down a little too far, dear.'

Mother Sawyer stroked the brown curls and put a kiss on Dorcas's smooth white forehead.

'Mother,' cried Dorcas earnestly, smiling at her father who had just come in, 'I think it's best at home!'

'Sho! sho!' said Father Sawyer, scratching his head with his thumb.

A Bad Dream.

My foot's asleep! My foot's asleep!
Oh, dear! What shall I do?
It's dreaming of a hundred pins
That pick me through and through.

It's dreaming of a hornet's nest,
With forty thousand stings
It's dreaming of a million sparks—
The fiery burning things,

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm punished well,
'Twas very wrong, I know,
To sit so long upon the floor,
And dilly-dally so.

Grimms' Fairy Tales were in my hand,
The duster in my lap;
And so my foot improved the time
To take a little nap.
—Waif.

A Sunflower Restaurant.

During long, hard winters, when the ground and all its insect life are lying fast asleep beneath a thick blanket of snow, the birds have a very hard time indeed of it, and boys and girls have a grand opportunity of being of real service to the hungry little creatures, and at the same time enjoying a lot of first-rate amusement.

A lover of birds says: 'My little daughters and I turn our garden into a birds' restaurant every winter. We save all our sunflower heads in the autumn, and directly the snowflakes commence to fly we take one or two out and tie them to upright sticks fastened to the palings, or stuck in the ground, and the birds are not long in paying us a visit.

One will alight on the top of a head and quietly extract seed after seed, cleverly shelling each and dropping the husk to the ground, all the while keeping a sharp lookout for the approach of any marauding cat.

Occasionally a companion will turn up, and, alighting on the branch below the sunflower, will cock his head on one side in the most comical way, as if asking the bird in possession to throw him down a seed.'—'Exchange.'

A Wonderful Trick.

Barnum, the famous showman, was very fond of children, and one of his favorite little tricks for amusing them was played with an apple. The 'Presbyterian Banner' describes it as being so very simple that it hardly deserves the name trick, as that term is used by magicians and jugglers; but it always raised a laugh among Barnum's little friends, and it will do the same among yours.

All you have to do is to place an apple on the table, and over it put your hat. Barnum would sometimes put the apple on his head, and then put his hat on, saying:

'Now I will eat that apple without taking off my hat or even touching it.'

Then, having mumbled some 'magical' words, he would say, 'One of you had better see if the apple is gone.'

And, when one of the children lifted the showman's hat, he quietly took the apple and began to eat it, which he did, you see, without touching his hat; for somebody took the hat off for him.

The Winds.

What do the winds say, sweethearts?
Tell me true.
What is their constant message
Just for you?

The East Wind sings of sorrow,
Bitter pain;
The West Wind of a morrow
Without rain.

The North Wind sings of courage,
Says 'Be strong.'
The South Wind says 'Be gentle
All day long.'

North, East, West and South wind?
Whisper true,
He that holds us in His hands
Holdeth you.
—Abby C. Labaree.

Prizes Easily Earned.

The result of the sixth week's competition in the gold competition is announced in this issue. It would appear that the boys and girls do not realize what an opportunity is open to them to secure $200.00 in gold or at least one of the weekly prizes of either $10.00 or $5.00, which are offered up to Dec. 24.

The Habit of Treating.

ITS EVILS BEING RECOGNIZED BY NON-ABSTAINERS.

The habit of treating is as old as the human race. It is the most ancient rite of hospitality. No doubt Job spread before his friends something wherewithal to refresh their inner men before they sat down to mourn with him in the land of Uz. The Bedouin gives the stranger food and drink when he enters his tent and pursues and plunders him when he has left it. The wayfarer was ever welcome at the table of the Saxon manor-house, and he who last went under the table showed the most appreciation of its lord's bounty.

The notion that the possession of a generous nature is best proved by filling one's guests' or one's friends' stomachs, whether they are hungry or thirsty or not, has flourished instead of decayed in the sunlight of civilization. Treating was formerly a prerogative of man only. Now, however, women are treaters on a large scale. Each season they give innumerable receptions and dinner parties, and every woman who accepts invitations to social functions is required by inviolable conventions also to give them. But men, especially American men, are still the most generous treaters. Does a man want to get business from another man? He gives him a drink. Does he wish to cultivate another's friendship or show himself a 'good fellow'? He gives him a drink—perhaps two drinks. If six men, or a dozen, all acquaintances, happen to enter a drinking place together, it is not unlikely that each will buy a drink for the crowd before they leave, and that all will go forth more less wabbly in their underpinning.

If men treated one another as women do, to salad, and ice cream, or if, like women, they did not reciprocate their treats for a week or for several weeks, they would, like women, suffer no worse effects from them than occasional attacks of indigestion. But the treating habit, as it prevails among men, is one of the nation's principal manufacturers of spendthrifts and drunkards. The anti-Treating League of America has been started by travelling men to abate the evil. It is a practical movement in favor not of total abstinence, but of real temperance. It is desirable not that the indulgence of the world old spirit of hospitality and good fellowship shall be discouraged, but that the excesses which that spirit has led to shall be repressed. Any league having this aim deserves to be encouraged.—'Chicago Tribune.'

A Judge on Gambling.

Judge Heydon, when sentencing a young man who was convicted of embezzlement, and attributed his downfall to horse-racing, said:—'A man who took money to gamble with when he was not driven to do so through necessity, was simply urged by a passion or a love for gambling. The present case was one of the many he had had experience of since he had been on the Bench. Here was a young man only twenty-six years of age, who had worked with intelligence and trustworthiness for nine years, and who had a wife and two children depending upon him, brought to ruin and disgrace through his passion for gambling.' 'Gambling,' concluded his Honor, 'is one of the deadliest cancers in the community.—'Australian Christian World.'

How He Got His 'Rare Old Port.'

A story is told of a member of the London Stock Exchange who, while living in a fashionable quarter of the West End, chanced to buy a large cask of very fine old port, which he had placed at the extreme end of his cellar, and, to make perfectly sure that it would not be touched, he had a wall built across the cellar, and so closed it in.

About a year or two later he accepted an invitation to dine with his next-door neighbor. The latter brought out some very fine old port. Several glasses having been drunk, the man of stocks and shares asked his host where he could get some like it.

'Well, old fellow" returned the other, 'I will tell you about it. I was having some alterations made in my cellar lately, when we discovered that some old fool who lived in this house before me had built a wall around a large cask of port and had forgot all about it. This is some of it, but I'm afraid there isn't much left.'

And there wasn't.—'National Advocate.'

The Wedding Ring's Story.

(John Rhodes, C.M., in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

(Continued.)

We got to a queer-looking building of which I could not see much, for though my master had me firmly clutched in his hand, he just opened his fingers to give a glance at me, when his friend whispered, 'Fred, here comes the bride.'

I scarcely recognized her at first as the young lady who had tried me on her finger. She was dressed all in white, with a grand veil reaching down to her feet, and such a lovely bouquet of flowers in her hand. There were several beautifully dressed lady friends with her as she came up the church leaning on her father's arm. The building was packed with people, who were chatting about it being such a fine day.

Soon the important time came for me to join in the ceremony. How Fred trembled as he tried to put me on: it seemed as if it must have been a mistake to think I had fitted so nicely before. But it was only Fred's nervousness, and at last there I was reposing on such a dainty, lovely finger, a little cold perhaps, but so soft and nice.

Then these two were made man and wife. Now I felt it was worth while undergoing the heating and hammering and boiling that had taken place; for it was only through those processes that I was fit for the proud position that I now occupied. The bride and bridegroom, as I found they were called, entered a carriage and were driven to the house of the bride's family, where soon the rooms were crowded. While they had breakfast there was such laughing and chatting, joking and teasing, eating and drinking, that the place seemed all alive with noise and bustle. Then, every now and then, there was a pop! pop! popping, and I heard Fred's friend say, 'Now for the fun!' When all their glasses were filled ready, the best man (as he was called) stood up and proposed 'The health and wealth of the bride and bridegroom; wishing them every happiness.' Then there was a cheer, and everyone drank from their glasses; some called it 'the fizz,' and others 'the cham.'

When the breakfast was over the bride went upstairs to put on her travelling dress; for we were off on a journey to the seaside. As we went into the carriage the guests wished them a happy honeymoon. What a pleasant time they had while on their holiday! How often Fred said he loved Alice I cannot tell, but I do know that she never seemed tired of hearing him say it.

After the honeymoon they returned to town and had such a pleasant home in Kensington. Many friends called to see the happy couple, and there were frequent dinner parties, and from my position on the lady's dear little hand I could see and hear all that went on.

It was a year and three months after their marriage when their first baby arrived, and what a dear little girlie she was. How proud they were of her. When she was a year old they had quite a large party of friends to dinner. Again there was the eating, drinking, laughing and chatting. There was also the pop! popping of the 'fizz,' and some of the guests who had been drinking became excited and noisy. They had drunk so much that they seemed to forget their manners, and lost control over their tongues, for they could not speak plainly.

Every now and then my mistress looked very appealingly at Fred, for he was becoming the noisiest and most excited of the party; but it was of no use. After the visitors had gone home she sat down and had a good cry, for Fred was lying on the couch snoring loudly, while she felt so tired with the noise and excitement of the evening, and the disappointment in her husband's conduct, that she was quite unable to help him upstairs, and she had to cover him with rugs and leave him there.

In the morning when she came downstairs, Fred sat on the couch holding his head in his hands and groaning dismally.

'Oh, Fred,' said Alice, 'how bad you look.

'Yes, and I feel bad,' was the reply. 'How I shall get on at the office to-day I do not know,' he added. His wife made him drink a cup of hot, strong tea, and that seemed to pull him together a bit. He could not eat any breakfast, and started for business looking and feeling most wretched. My mistress was very sad and thoughtful all through the day, even the charming coos and smiles of baby could not altogether drive away the sadness, and every now and then as she looked down on me she murmured, 'What shall I do if Fred becomes a drunkard?'

(To be continued.)

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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Please send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge for one month, to

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The following are the contents of the issue of Nov. 26, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Zemstvos in Conference—The Springfield 'Republican.'
The Liberal Movement in Russia—The 'Evening Star,' Washington.
The Zemstvo Incident—The Boston 'Herald.'
Russian Character—By H. H. Munro, in the 'Morning Post, London.
Lord Lansdowne on the Russian Difficulty—English Papers
A Japanese War Story—By Grace Hooke Hondelink, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'
Statue of Frederick Unveiled at Washington—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
Speech by Sir H. Campbell Bannerman—Scottish Church Crisis—The 'Daily News,' London.
Eight Years in Cabul—Mrs. K. Daly, Medical Officer to the Afghan Government—The 'Daily News,' London.
American Girl's Vacation—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Life Under Tariffs—The 'Daily News,' London.
The 'Standard'
Mr. Chirchill on the 'Standard,'—English Papers.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS

Japanese Art and Artists—Wonderful Color Prints—By [illegible]
The Comparative Exhibition of Paintings in New York—By Charles de Kay, in the New York 'Times.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Lost Days—Sonnet, by Rossetti.
On Hurry—Verses by Austin Dobson.
An Unknown Sonnet by Coleridge—The 'Athenæum,' London.
John Bunyan—The Manchester 'Guardian'
The Gospel of Simplicity—The New York 'Tribune.'
'Fifty Years of Fleet Street'—Sir J. R. Robinson's Diary—The 'Daily News,' London.
Sermons to Young Men—The 'Outlook,' London.
A Colonial Tale—The New York 'Evening Post.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE

What to do with the Dunces—Ungraded Classes—The 'Sun,' New York.
The Rhodes Scholarships—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
How Should the Nation Train its Children—The 'Westminster Budget.'
Origin of the Ice Cold Currents of the Pacific—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Science Notes.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 18.

Review.

Golden Text.

Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Luke iv., 8.

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 12.—II. Kings ii., 12-22.
Tuesday, Dec. 13.—II. Kings iv., 1-7.
Wednesday, Dec. 14.—II. Kings v., 1-14.
Thursday, Dec. 15.—II. Kings vi., 8-23.
Friday, Dec. 16.—II. Kings xii., 4-15.
Saturday, Dec. 17.—II. Chron. xxix., 18-31.
Sunday, Dec. 18.—II. Kings xvii., 6-18.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

Before we take up the review questions, let us look at a number of facts concerning the history of the two kingdoms into which the children of Israel became divided.

The southern kingdom of Judah consisted of two tribes. It continued the Davidic dynasty, having but the one royal line. It had nineteen kings and one queen, counting the usurper, Athaliah, as queen. Judah and Israel separated about 975 B.C., common chronology, and continued side by side as kingdoms until Samaria fell in 722. Judah survived Israel over a century.

Israel also had nineteen kings, but, instead of belonging to one dynasty or family line, there were nine dynasties in the history of the kingdom.

There are certain things in geography that will be of great help to you in keeping the chief points of this history in mind. Turn to your Bible maps (nearly all good editions of the Scriptures now have maps bound with them) and note the location of the countries, Judah, Israel, Egypt, Syria, and Assyria; of the cities, Jerusalem, Samaria, Damascus, Babylon, Dothan, Jericho, Shunem; and of Mount Carmel Mount Sinai (Horeb), the Jordan.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

Name the prophets that appear prominently in the period of the two kingdoms.

'Which one's life closed in a miraculous manner?

How did the works of Elijah and Elisha differ?

What were some of the miracles performed by Elisha?

What do you understand by the words, 'the sons of the prophets?'

In the account of the increase of the widow's oil, through Elisha's instrumentality, what special reason prompted this poor woman to come to Elisha?

In the case of the Shunamite woman, what miracle did Elisha perform?

Who was Naaman?

What was the matter with him?

Do we know the name of the person who told Naaman's wife how he could be cured?

How did this person happen to be in Naaman's home?

To whom did Naaman first go, and with what result?

Tell of his visit to Elisha and of how he was finally cured.

What singular cases of blindness and unusual vision occurred at Dothan?

What did Elisha have done to his enemies, and what effect had this?

What was the name of the youngest king of whom we have studied?

In what building did he live before he became king, and why did he stay there instead of in his palace?

Who helped him to get the throne that belonged to him?

Who was the only woman who reigned alone in either Judah or Israel, and how did she come into her power?

How did her rule end and who succeeded her?

What notable thing did 'the boy king' do after he came into power?

What great prophet rose up and rebuked both Israel and Judah for their wickedness?

What were some of the chief sins of the people of these two nations.

Which of the two kingdoms, Judah or Israel, was the worst?

When Isaiah warned Israel that the Lord had 'a mighty and strong one' that should come upon them as a storm to what people did he refer?

What good king arose over Judah shortly before Israel was carried away, and what sort of man was his father?

What great reform did Hezekiah enter upon at once, when he became king?

What event marked the end of the northern kingdom of Israel?

Who was its last king?

What did the Assyrian king do with his captives?

Do you know whom the Assyrian king placed in the cities of Samaria?

What were some of the sins by which the people of Israel particularly offended God?

Is it known positively what became of the ten tribes, or where their descendants went?

What great lesson have you drawn from the studies of the past quarter?

The Christmas lesson closes our year's studies. The subject is, 'The Prince of Peace.' Isaiah ix., 1-7.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 18.—'Whatever he would like to have me do.' Matt. vi., 10; John xv., 10-16.

Junior C. E. Topic.

AARON AND HUR.

Monday, Dec. 12.—The quails and manna. Ex. xvi., 8-15.

Tuesday, Dec. 13.—Daily food. Ex. xvi., 16-21.

Wednesday, Dec. 14.—Keeping the Sabbath. Ex. xvi., 22-31.

Thursday, Dec. 15.—Manna for remembrance. Ex. xvi., 32-36.

Friday, Dec. 16.—Water from the rock. Ex. xvii., 1-7.

Saturday, Dec. 17.—Fighting God's battles. Ex. xvii., 8, 9.

Sunday, Dec. 18.—Topic—How Aaron and Hur helped to win the battle. Ex. xvii., 10-13.

A Model Sunday-School Teacher.

(Mrs. Harvey-Jellie, in the 'Christian.')

'I cannot see anyone this evening,' said Rachel Newcombe; 'I always spend the hours with the Master, and over the lessons for Sunday.'

'Really this is making too much of an infant class. Can those children appreciate such study and care?' asked the friend who had spoken of calling.

'I am no judge of that; 'tis mine to teach them of Christ, and he will hold me responsible for doing my best. So I must ask you to come another time,' said the teacher.

Wondering at the devotion, yet respecting the consistency, the friend promised to go some other day. Not for the dearest friend could Rachel have spared that sacred time. In those quiet hours she had never-to-be-forgotten talks with her Lord, and learned to realize the solemnity of her work. Thus, being herself prepared, she went direct from him to suffer the children to come. Thinking much of Rachel's earnest work for such little children, the friend called at a cottage door to inquire about a charwoman.

'I am all upset, Miss,' said the woman. 'My husband is bad with rheumatism, and can't go fishing; but 'pon my word our little Maggie has set him longing to see her Sunday teacher. He ain't one for religion, but he do like anything out-and-out, and she's doing all she can for our little ones, I know that.'

'In what way do you see it? I am sure she is a good teacher.'

'If you'll step in, miss, my good man'll tell you best;' and leading the way she ushered her visitor into the presence of Ben Norton, who began to speak of Maggie's teacher. 'She's something more than a teacher; she seems to take a reach beyond, and lays hold of us older ones at home. I was questioning our Maggie as to how her teacher could know so much (for that child brings home wonderful sayings), and she says: "I expect teacher has got to know Jesus, father; that's how she learns!" and I tell ye, miss, I'm wanting to see her, and hear her talk. They as knows for themselves are the ones to teach others.'

Still more impressed, the teacher's friend walked slowly home. She loved Rachel Newcombe, and knew how sincere and bright she always was, but had always looked upon her interest in that infant class as a 'fad.' Sunday came, and she met her friend at morning service, but in the afternoon a strong desire came to meet her after Sunday-school. Children were coming out as she went near, and there, surrounded by little ones, stood Rachel, saying loving words to each.

'Come along, Rachel, how tired you must be of it all,' she said.

'No, never tired of it; sometimes weary in the work, but the great motive power is Christ. It gives me long talks with him, and keeps the heart so glad and strong. Next Sunday I must be away from home; will you take my class?'

How could she refuse her friend? Nay, as she listened to her natural and eager words about the joy of the work, she would have been ashamed to say 'No.' All the week she wondered what she could say to keep the class quiet and fill up the time.

Bright little faces looked up into hers on the following Sunday, but after hearing them read, and talking about the lesson for a while, some grew restless, and impatiently she corrected them, and said, 'I can't think how your teacher talks to you every Sunday. I don't know what to say to make you sit still.'

A chubby-faced girl beside her said simply: 'Didn't you ask Jesus? Teacher always does.'

She gave no answer, but made out the time as best she could, and on her homeward way heard her own conscience give answer. Never again will she wonder at Rachel Newcombe's zeal in labor for the little children, for she asked Jesus. He has communicated that love which creates enthusiasm, gives patience, and leads to the winning of young and old to the Saviour.

Teacher, have you asked Jesus about your work, those scholars and their homes? You stand on sacred ground when you undertake to expound God's Word and make plain the way of life. You may study long and well, you may have a winsome manner in your class, but if you would have those children's souls as your crown by-and-by—ask Jesus.

Where are the Nine?

(The Rev. Charles Garrett, in the 'National Advocate.')

After a careful examination it is found that only one in ten of the scholars passes out of the school into the Church of Christ. Where are the nine? Where are the nine? I would burn this question into the heart of each Sunday-school teacher. Where are they? In the workhouse with brain enfeebled and body prostrate. Where are the nine? Look in yonder prison and lunatic asylum. Some are in the hulks, others are swinging from the gibbet. Out of 11,000 prisoners in our jails, 7,000 have been in Sunday-schools. Where are the nine? Look in your streets at night—see those faded beauties—once young girls and scholars in your Sunday-schools, now wandering with a hell within, and moving on to a darker hell beyond, to-night standing on the bridge and leaping from it—

'Mad from life's history, glad for death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled, anywhere, anywhere, out of the world.'

There you have—drink cursed—some of the nine.

There are many parables which I don't understand, but in Christ's teaching what I do understand I find to be wholly above me and not below.—James Hinton.

Correspondence

Montreal.

Dear Editor,—Do you ever let 'grown ups' into your page? If so, may I have a little room to say how nice I think it is for the boys and girls to write these letters? Letter-writing is a very fine accomplishment, and one much more easily gained while you are young than when you are already grown up. It is a thing one must learn by doing, too, which makes these letters all the more valuable. Besides, don't you think that those who enjoy reading this page should give pleasure to the others by writing their share also? I think so. It is a good many years since I was a little girl, but I am always interested in this part of the 'Messenger.' Please tell the children that we older ones love to see their letters, and hope they will keep your mail-bag well filled up.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

Montreal.

Dear Editor,—I am very much interested in the 'Messenger,' and always read the correspondence page. I thought it would be nice for me to write as well. I was born in Africa, and so were my two brothers and my three sisters. When we were coming from Africa to England, at the Cape Verde Islands we saw men and boys there dive for money, and it was fine fun to watch them. When we got to Lisbon, all the things seemed so expensive, but every ten reis makes one cent, so it was not so expensive after all. Father took my twin sister and me to Cintra Castle when we were at Lisbon. Up in a tower there was a little seat, and my twin sister and I sat in it. It was a very windy day, and we thought that we would be blown off, but the man and our father carried us, and we went up a long winding stair which are very common in Lisbon. On our journey down to the coast we travelled in hammocks hung from palm-poles, which the men carried on their shoulders. The bridges over the rivers are made of trees that have been cut down and thrown across and tied together with strips of soft bark, and although they were strong, they were very shaky, and sometimes it made us quite frightened. When we got to a bad stream we would get out and the men would take us across on their backs. The men slept in simple grass huts; but, of course, we slept in a tent. One night we had a very bad storm. We and some of the carriers were on one side of the stream and the rest of the caravan had camped on the other side. In the morning we found that five of the men were badly burned by lightning. After travelling with us for a couple of days they found the heat too trying for their sore backs, so four of them turned back to their homes. The fifth one came on with us to the coast, and he got better. I think this is all I will write this time, seeing it is my first letter; and perhaps I will write another time. I would like to see more letters from boys and girls who read the correspondence page, but have never yet written themselves. I hope my letter is not too long.

EMMA R. (aged 10).

(We think the readers will all agree that this is a very interesting letter.—Cor. Ed.)

Dorchester, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I saw my last letter in print, I thought I would write another. I like the 'Messenger' very much indeed. I have taken it almost a year. For pets I have a canary and a dog. I have not read many books. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school and day-school, and my teacher's name is Miss A. I am taking music lessons, and like it very much indeed. I wonder if any girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, which is Aug. 25. I have two brothers, but no sisters. I enjoyed my school holidays very much. I was ten years old in August. Dorchester is a very pretty place in summer. We go to the beach to bathe sometimes. My papa goes to sea, and on my birthday he sent me a gold ring for a present. It is getting dark, so I will close. MINA P.

Uptergrove, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger,' and as I saw my first letter in print, I thought I would try my luck once again. Minnie E. M. asked how many knew what book in the Bible is written without mentioning the name of God. Well, it is Esther. Our farm is six miles from the lovely town of Orillia. As we live by Lake Simcoe, we go in bathing in the summer, and we row across the lake sometimes to pick berries, and we always have jolly fun, being chased by the bees or having some other misfortune. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and would be very unwilling to do without it. I have read a great many books, and some of them are: 'Cousin Mona,' 'For the Sake of a Crown,' 'A willful Ward,' 'Beulah,' 'Dick and Dolly,' and many others. 'Dalph and Her Charge' was a very interesting story, but I did not get the last chapter. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. L. I have three brothers and four sisters. My eldest brother is in Rat Portage, and my second eldest is in Nebraska. My two eldest sisters are in Orillia. One is dressmaking and the other is going to the Collegiate Institute, so there are just six at home now with father and mother. I wonder if any 'Messenger' reader's birthday is on the same day as mine is, May 1. I am fourteen years old. I will close now, wishing the correspondents every success. LILLIAN.

Sackville.

Dear Sir,—My father has taken the 'Messenger' and 'Witness' for a good many years. We like them better than any other paper we take, and we keep it for our Sunday paper. I am a little girl eight years old. I have one brother. His name is Amos. He is five years old. I also have one sister, whose name is Marjorie. She is ten years old. I go to school. I am in the fourth grade. I keep to the head nearly all the time. My little brother does not go to school. My sister goes to school, and she is in the fifth grade. The mushrooms grow plentifully hear on the Tantarmar Marshes, and my father has canned them for several years. We are sending you a can as a sample. I think you will like them the best you ever had. We have put up 6,000 cans. If you think this worth reading, I would like to write again. DORIS F.

Point La Wim.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy nine years of age. My birthday was the day before Thanksgiving Day. I am going to school. I am reading in the second reader. I study arithmetic and history, health reader and grammar. I live on a farm. I live a very happy life, because my father and mother are very kind. Father generally gives me all I want. I get books and tools. I made a pretty good sleigh to-night. There fell about three inches of snow to-day, and I have had a good slide. I take very much pleasure in reading the 'Messenger,' especially that story called 'Johnny's Lesson.' I think that story should teach us all to do to others, as we would have them do to us. I now feel as if I could not do without the 'Messenger,' and would like all boys and girls to have it.

FREDERICK W. D.

Lake Megantic, Que.

Dear Editor,—I was reading the 'Messenger' to-day, and I saw Minnie E. M.'s riddle. What book in the Bible is written without mentioning the name of God?' I think that is the Song of Solomon. I wish she would write and tell me. I thought that her letter was very interesting. I think that the 'Messenger' is a fine paper, and I always look forward to Friday night, when it arrives. I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a number of books, the last ones I read being 'Carola,' 'Fortress Green,' 'The Old Church Door,' and 'East Lynne.' I have earned four Bibles by getting subscribers for the 'Messenger,' and I think that they are fine premiums for such little work. A few are using sleighs to-day (Nov. 8) for the first time this year. I have not started going to school yet, and am not sure if I will go this year or not. My birthday was on Nov. 3 (the day of the election), and I was fifteen years old.

KATIE B. MacD.

Lunenburg, N.S.

Dear Editor,—There are eight children in our family, five girls and three boys. I go to school, and am in the fifth book. Lunenburg is quite a town, and several tugs and steamers come and go in the harbor. This summer our family were out camping, and we had a lovely time. We spent the time in bathing and playing all sorts of games. I go to the Methodist Church. This summer we had a new pipe-organ put into the church. They had several recitals, and the organ broke down twice. From the top of our house you have a lovely view of the harbor. The town is beautifully situated on the side of a hill overlooking the harbor, and behind it is a back harbor. There are some fine buildings in this town, such as the post-office and the court-house. Both are built of brick and stone. Then there are the churches. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on Aug. 31. I like to read the letters written by the girls and boys that read the 'Messenger' very much.

CLARA H.

London Junction, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from here, I thought I would write one, and if I see this in print I will write again. A long time ago a friend of mine, Myrtle N. by name, and I said we would write to the 'Messenger' but we have not yet done so till now. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like it very much. I always look for the Correspondence Page first, and then I read all the letters. My birthday is on July 15, and I am thirteen years old. I go to the London High School; I am in the third form, and take up fifteen studies. The little village in which I live has one grocery store, one shoe store and one confectionery store. There is quite a large church and plenty of houses. The Canadian Packing Company is situated here, and the London Asylum also. There is a small creek which runs through here, and a skating rink is also a source of delight to many of the inhabitants. I have two sisters and one brother. My father is talking about going out to British Columbia, but I do not know for certain whether he will go or not. An old neighbor of ours has just come home from there after being away for five years. His name is Mr. P., and he is an Irishman, so he is of course nice and jolly. As I was reading the letters in the 'Messenger' last Sunday, I found in one of the letters my first name and the initials of my last one. I thought it was very queer that someone else's first name was the same as mine, and their initials the same also. A week ago last Sunday one of the girls asked who knew the one book in the Bible that did not mention the name of God. I have found out, and it is the Book of Esther.

SADIE BROOKS H.

Wyoming, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been away lately visiting my married sister, and so did not see the 'Messenger' for November 4 until last night. I like my paper very much, as everyone who writes to the 'Messenger' say they do. I was reading the Correspondence Page, as I nearly always do, and I came first to Greta M. C.'s letter, and she said her classmate passed pretty high at the entrance examination at the age of ten. I hope the 'Messenger' readers will not think me conceited, but she said she wondered if any of the 'Messenger' readers could show such a good record. Well, I think I can. Although I am now eleven years of age, I passed the entrance examination at the age of ten, and took the highest marks. Our examiner was a Mr. McG., and every one of the candidates who tried in his room thought he was as nice as he could be. When he was asking the age of each of the candidates I was nearly last, and as nearly all of them gave their age somewhere between twelve and fifteen—and indeed some as sixteen—years, he was quite surprised when I told him I was ten years old, and he asked me three times before he took it down. However, I was, to my way of thinking, very well rewarded by my father, for he gave me a gold watch and pin. I am taking high school work in the public school, as there is no high school nearer than Petrolea, which is six miles south of here. I am the youngest of a family of five. I have three sisters and one brother, who is going to the medical college in London now, but we are all looking forward to his spending Thanksgiving at home. Two of my sisters are married, so now there are only the eldest and the youngest at home. One of my sisters lives in New York, where her husband is professor in the Columbia University; but they left for Europe in July with a baby seven weeks old, and have travelled through Scotland and England, and are now in Paris. My father is a doctor here, and has a very large practice.

JEAN H.

(Very neat!—Cor. Ed.)

1904
CARICATURED.

Several hundred Cartoons by the brightest wits and truest pens have been collected from the leading publications of both hemispheres, and will be issued by the publishers of 'World Wide' in their mid-December issue. These Cartoons will give a most humorous and effective review of the interesting world-events of this most interesting year.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Care of House Plants.

A plant should not be watered every day, whether it needs it or not. More plants probably die from overwatering than from any other cause. In order to find out whether a plant needs water, stir the soil with your finger, and if it is dark-colored and adheres to your finger, the plant needs no water; but if it is dusty and light-colored, it needs watering. A good vigorous plant growing in a warm room which shows these signs of dryness, should be saturated to the bottom when it is watered. A poor plant, with little foliage, should not be watered often; it is better to wait until it is quite dry.

Plants breathe through their leaves, and consequently require fresh air every day. If the leaves of the plant get covered with dust, its breathing pores are stopped up, and the plant cannot live long. Therefore they should be frequently sprinkled, or in case they have large leaves, be wiped off with a wet sponge. This should be done every week, at least, and it will also prevent the eggs of insects, which may be on the plant, from hatching out.

Insects on House Plants.—Should insects obtain a lodgment on your plants, the most effective remedy is fir-tree oil. One application will often show very good results. It should be applied only in the evening. Use only tin or earthenware vessels to hold the mixture in. To make a mixture suitable for washing or sprinkling, use a teaspoonful to a quart of water. If insects actually infest the plants use two tablespoonfuls to a pint of water. Apply with a syringe, and wet it under the leaves as much as possible.

Frozen Plants.—Sometimes it happens that through some mischance the plants in the window become frozen. In such a case the best thing to do is to get the plants, as soon as possible, into a cool, dark room, a little above the freezing point, and sprinkle them over with water; then bring them gradually to the heat, as sudden heat will completely destroy the plants. Very often plants that are frozen can be saved in this manner. A good plan to guard against frost is to cover the plants with newspapers at night.—'The 'World's Progress.'

The Care of Clothing.

No matter how beautiful or expensive our dresses may be, without care they will not retain their stylish appearance.

Every day garments should be disinfected, for brushing is not sufficient, as it will not remove the unpleasant odors that come from long usage.

Some women sprinkle their waists and their dresses with scent, and use satchet powders to perfume their bonnets and wraps, and this is quite a good scheme so far as it goes.

But better than scent bags or perfumery is a clothespole and an open window. Turn the garments wrong side out and let the air and sunshine do the rest. An all-night airing is good, but a day of purifying sunshine is far better.

When a lining, or a set of dress shields becomes perceptible, it should be removed,

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while cloth garments can be sponged and then pressed clean.

A pint of benzine does not cost much, and will clean anything in the way of kid, silk, lace or worsted.

Garments that smell of nothing are the cleanest and most agreeable, as there is always a suspicion of bad sanitation or bad habits when there is strong perfumery employed.

If a scent is desired to neutralize what is known as shop smells, emanating from the laundry, factory, kitchen or packing room, orris, muscadine, bergamot, or a small piece of sandal wood is preferable to the strong odors of manufactured perfumes.

Perspiration stains may be removed from the arms of white woollen or silk dresses by sponging with warm water into which ammonia has been poured, and then with clear water, and finally press the place before it becomes quite dry.—'Australian Christian World.'

Don't 'Answer Back.'

The habit of 'answering back' is as reprehensible in grown people as in children, and should be suppressed by every person anxious to lead a peaceable and harmonious life. The household in which each member strives for the last word in the argument, is most anxious to maintain an independent course of action, is afraid lest he should be imposed upon, is not a happy household, nor can it ever become such a one. It is an odious place to visit, and the separate individuals that compose it can always have a pleasanter atmosphere and time somewhere else; yet it is but seldom that any one will give up the habit, or, as a whole, reform and institute a new order of things. There is but one way to produce a lasting result, and that is to 'withhold your tongue' on each and every occasion when bitter or sharp words arise to the surface. The old adage, 'It takes two to make a quarrel,' is invariably true, and, while silence is an aggravating response to an irritating remark, its effect is inevitable. The temptation to repudiate an unjust accusation is strong; but if it is unjust, it will be regretted more than if a quarrel resulted, in which both parties lost their temper. She who will inwardly determine to 'withhold her tongue' from ill-natured remarks, from unkind suggestion, from bitter retort, from nagging, will begin a revolution in her own home. Do not wait for some one else to start the movement; have the joy in your own soul that you have planted the seeds of happiness yourself.—Selected.

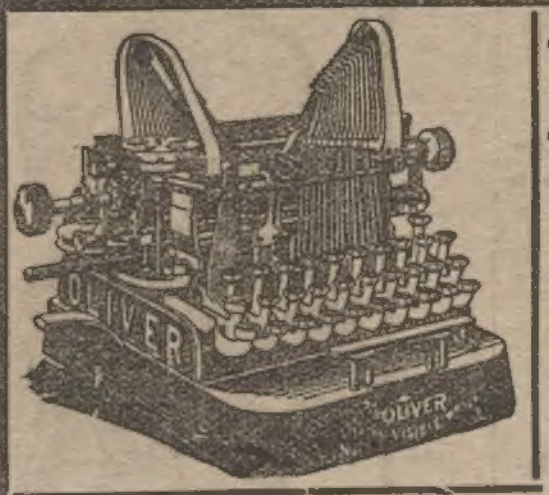
How far our influence may go we cannot tell. If we drop a stone into a calm sheet of water, we see the ripples around the spot quite plainly, but soon the circles become so large and extend so far that we cannot see them; and so it is with our influence.

Selected Recipes.

Raisin Sandwich.—An unusual yet very palatable sandwich filling is made from finely chopped, seeded raisins and English walnut meats mixed with the well-beaten white of an egg slightly seasoned and flavored with a tiny bit of vanilla. Figs used in place of raisins will afford variety, but no sugar should be used with them. Use equal proportions of fruit and nuts.

Almond Gingerbread.—A delicious hot gingerbread being served fresh from the oven, spicy and tender, on being broken proved to be full of almonds. They had been split into halves so as not to be heavy enough to sink to the bottom of the dough during the cooking process. The combination of flavors is to be recommended.

Jellied Prunes.—Stone two dozen good-sized prunes after they have been stewed and allow to get cold. Have ready two dozen almonds which have been blanched and then browned. Put one in each prune. Dissolve half a cup of gelatine in water enough to cover it. Heat the juice in which the prunes have been stewed, and after measuring one pint, pour it boiling hot over the gelatine. Add one-half cup of sugar and the juice of three lemons. Strain it and pour over the prunes. Mould it in a ring, and at serving time turn it out carefully and fill the centre with whipped cream which has been sweetened and flavored with vanilla



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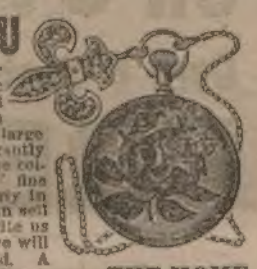

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DON'T SEND US ANY MONEY

This RING and WATCH is FREE

Send to us for 10 pieces of our 25c. Sheet Music to sell at only 10c. each. It is full size (11 x 14 inches), finely printed on heavy white paper, with beautifully colored illustrated covers and includes such popular titles as "Old School Chums." "Sing Again That Sweet Refrain," "The Prayer I Learned on Mother's Knee," "My Old Kentucky Home," etc. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you a beautiful 14k. heavy gold finished Ring set in the famous Tiffany style setting with three large magnificent pink Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds. It is a perfect beauty and can hardly be told from a costly ring even by experts. Write for the music to-day and we will give you an opportunity to get a handsome gold finished hunting-case Watch, elegantly engraved, lady's or gent's size, that looks exactly like a $50.00 solid gold Watch. Address **The Royal Academy Publishing Co.**, Dept. 487 **Toronto**

Cinderella

TWIN DOLLS FREE

This lovely pair of **twin sister dolls, Cinderella** and **Alice in Wonderland,** are the new arrivals from far away dollland, and are real beauties, nearly **one and one-half feet tall.**

Cinderella is the **new wonder blonde doll,** with bisque head, curly hair, lace-trimmed dress, hat, ribbon sash, etc.

Alice in Wonderland is a handsome **brunette beauty doll,** with dark curly ringlets, bisque head, lace-trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., complete.

Girls, would you like to own Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, the pretty twin sister dolls, for a little pleasant work after school hours? If so, write us at once and we will mail to your address, postage paid, **sixteen turnover collars,** handsomely made of fine quality lawn and lace, to sell at **15c each.** They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell at sight. When sold return us the money and we will promptly forward you this handsome pair of twin sister dolls, also a beautiful Opal Ring as an extra present if you write to us at once.

Remember, you will receive the **two dolls,** Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, for disposing of **only sixteen** collars at **15c each.** The Home Art Co., Dept 488 Toronto.

Alice in Wonderland

The Latest Style

Handsome Fur Scarfs FREE to Ladies and Girls

We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length Fur Scarf, made in the latest style for 1905 by skilled workmen from specially selected skins of fine Black Coney Fur, rich, fluffy, very warm and comfortable with six long full furred tails, and ornamented with a handsome silvered neck chain, for selling only 14 of our handsome Turnover Collars at 15c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. is given free with each one.) These collars represent the latest fashion in neckwear. They are handsomely made of the finest quality Lawn and lace, and are fully worth 25c. You can sell them all in a few minutes at only 15c. each. We trust you. Send us your name and address and we will mail the collars postpaid. When sold, return the money, and we will send you a handsome Ladies' or Girls' Fur Scarf just as described. When you see it we know you will say it is one of the handsomest furs you have ever seen. The only reason we can give such an expensive fur is that we had a large number made up specially for us at a reduced price in the summer, when the furriers were not busy. This is a grand chance to get a beautiful warm fur for the winter without spending one cent. Write at once and we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Muff FREE, as an extra present. Address, **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 489 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Don't Send Us One Cent This WATCH and RING is Free

We Trust You

Ladies and Girls

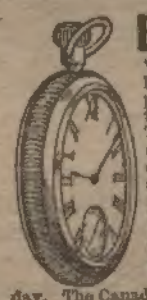
Send to us for 2 dozen pieces of our 25c. Sheet Music to sell at only 10c. each. It is full size (11 x 14 in.), finely printed on heavy white paper, with beautifully colored illustrated covers, and includes such popular titles as "Which Way Did the Angels Go?" "I'm Wearing My Heart for You," "The Organist's Last Amen," "Star of the East," etc., etc. It sells like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful little Watch with Solid Silver Nickel case highly polished, the back elegantly enamelled in colors, fancy porcelain dial, dainty figures, Gold hands, and a reliable imported movement, also a beautiful Gold-finished Ring set with large Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds if you write for the music to-day. Address **THE ROYAL ACADEMY PUBLISHING CO., DEPT. 496 TORONTO**

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 7 of our Turnover Collars made of beautiful Lace and fine Lawn, worth 25c., at 15c each. They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Collars we will give you an opportunity to get, an elegant

Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size free in addition to the Ring. Address at once The Home Art Co., Dept. 491 Toronto

BOY'S WATCH FREE



We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only 1½ dozen of our new one-piece King Collar Buttons at 10c. each. A certificate worth 50c. given free with each one. The watch has a beautiful solid silver nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last ten years. The Collar Buttons are the best made, heavily gold plated and burnished so that they wear like solid gold. They sell so fast that the factory are now making one million every day. Write for the Collar Buttons today. The Canadian Premium Syndicate Dept. 435, Toronto.

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